

# WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

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## TEARS.

BY M. C. HILL.

"Jesus wept."

And shall not mortals weep for those they love,  
And let the liquid feeling fill the eyes,  
And ease the burdened soul, and flow, to prove  
That love has deep and hidden mysteries?  
Or shall we fear to weep, and scorn the tear,  
And prove we're men, yet men's opinions fear?

Yet men are not so manly as they seem,  
Nor are they stoics all that strive to be;  
'Tis lack of independence makes them dream  
That love and tears must not be bold and free;  
But "Jesus wept" in public—yea, a God  
Could weep for love of one beneath the sod.

I had a ship-mate once, a brawny tar,  
And rough in speech, but tender was his heart;  
Another ship-mate died, died after  
From home and friends. Oh! it was hard to part  
With all he loved on earth and see no tear  
From father, mother, brother, sister dear!

The poor boy died—died in an open boat—  
The spirit fled and left the poorer clay;  
Our oars were hushed, and there we lay afloat  
Just where the "Hudson" mingles with the  
"Bay."

And there, upon my brawny ship-mate's face,  
I saw the tear-drops trickle down apace—

Pure, honest tears! Ah, gold can never buy  
Such precious drops of holy sympathy;  
'Twas nature's tribute—pure as the blue sky—  
The cloudless vault which was our canopy.  
And who would check them? Who would be so bold

To say "that man was childish!"—Mortal, hold!

I would not give the feelings of that hour  
For one whole year of proud ambition's life;  
I would not give those tear-drops' melting power  
For all the pomp of military strife;  
O no! I love those tears, they are the heaven  
Which lift our souls from earth away to heaven

**Borrowed Articles.**—Some wag says that the only borrowed article he ever returned promptly, was a kiss from a pretty girl's lips. Of course he returned it on the spot.

**Important Decision for the Ladies.**—It was decided in a breach of promise case, the other day in England, that an unmarried female, aged 32 is not a girl, but a young woman. The phrase "old girl" is then out of place.

**Mines of the West.**—Upwards of 40 new lead mines have been opened in the mining region upon the Upper Mississippi during the last winter. The mineral lands of Iowa and Wisconsin are supposed to be more productive of this metal than the whole of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain.

## SHORT PATENT SERMON.

[BY REQUEST.]

By "Dow, Jr."

At the request of "Henrietta" I will preach upon this occasion, from the following text:—

A wife, like echo, should be true  
To speak when she is spoken to;  
But not, like echo, still be heard  
Contending for the final word.

My hearers—A wife is not only a choice piece of household furniture, but a useful article for domestic purposes. She can, besides darning stockings and mending breeches, keep all the apartments of a man's heart in order, and entwine for him garlands of tenderness to bedeck his conjugal bower. She is the very marrow of comfort—the principal tributary to the silvery stream of happiness—the fountain of joy—a lump of the pure gold of love, refined in the crucible of Hymen. I would earnestly advise all young male friends, who wander along the dark avenues of celibacy, with no such bright stars as women to guide their erring steps, to enter immediately upon the blooming lawns of matrimony, and bask in the sun-shine, of a fond wife's affections—even as snakes quit their tenebrous dens, and lie out to warm beneath the congenial rays of a vernal sun.

But, my friends, you must analyze well the component parts of a female before you amalgamate. You must let your better judgment be kidnapped by the allurements of beauty, for beauty is but a flower that fades in the noontide of life, and blossoms no more. The brightest jewel pertaining to a woman is not worn upon her finger—neither does it glitter upon her bracelet. No, it lies buried beneath a whole cargo of silks, satins, and laces, in the casket of her mind. It is there that you should seek for those precious gems which adorn the female character, and give to a woman all the attributes that belong to an angel—minus the wings and a diadem of perfect holiness.

My dear young friends! I hope you will not be misguided in your search after those qualifications and natural disposition which a wife ought to possess. She should, of course, be submissive to the husband, inasmuch as the husband ought to be as mild towards her as the balmy breath of May to the tender rose. Her bosom should be a peaceful lake of love, surrounded by the high hills of forbearance, over which the gales of passion may blow and never ruffle its placid surface. She should, like an echo, always be ready to speak when spoken to by her brier and more substantial half; and yet she should not, like an echo, be ever contending for the final word, for she ought to know that perverseness in a wife always presents a worse appearance than it does in the husband, even as a fly speck marred the beauty of white cambric more than doth an ink spot the comeliness of a black broad-cloth.

She ought also to be aware that the obstinacy of the man genus is likened unto the bristles upon a hog's back; being stroked from the head towards the tail, are found to be as rough and obtrusive as the pickets that surround the prison-house of endless torment.

O, my beloved hearers! I hope and trust that all you masculines who bear the conjugal yoke have made good selection from the female creation, to help you drag the plough of care over the stubbles of such a barren existence as is allotted to man. I know some wives whose incorrigibility is enough to weary the patience of a mile stone; whose indefatigable exertions in the cause of mischief are worthy of a scholastic monkey—and whose gunpowder tempers are liable to explode with a fearful concussion when touched by the least spark of reproof. They draw their social tea together too strong for weak constitutions, and throw too much salt into their husbands' porridge. They want to wear the breeches whether they fit or not. They set their lords to peeling potatoes while they go out and chop wood, which the God of nature never intended should be subjected to the control of a person in petticoats. Oh, this doesn't any more accord with my ideas of what female worth should consist than does the tolling of a funeral knell with the merry notes of Yankee Doodle! A wife who assumes too much—who will have her own notions gratified always—who will raise a flame of dispute upon trifling occasions, and persist in heaping on fuel at the last—is worse than no wife at all. When Heaven first saw fit to work up some of its choicest material into the delicate figure of woman and placed her in the hermitage of lonely man, it was intended that she should be a him a help-mate—cheerful companion—a salace in the desolate hours—a turtle dove that he should press to his bosom in the fondness of affection, and shelter from the cold storms of want; that she should dress the garden of his heart with the perennial flowers of peace—water them with tenderness, and strew his bed with roses of reciprocal love. For all which she should be, in a degree submissive, and never let the tongue do damage to those fine-spun qualities which should ever be her pride and her boast.

My friends—to find a good wife in these days of foolery and fashion is like seeking for pearls among an ocean of oyster shells; but if you are lucky enough to find one, hang on to her like hemp—for she is as rich a treasure as ever existed in the imagination of an enthusiast. Cherish her, protect her and love her; and you will find but few barren spots between the altar and the grave. And you, young maids, who are now delighting in the joyful anticipation of one day becoming happy brides! I warn you to conduct yourselves properly lest your blooming hopes be suddenly over-spread with the moss of mortification, and you be destined to go sighing down to the tomb unwooed, uncourted and unwed. May you all, whether single or married, endeavor to live on such terms with one another that the triune joys of friendship, love and happiness may wait on you to the confines of eternity. So mote it be.

## MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has been made a Mason—Mrs. Caudle indignant and curious.

Now, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say; old you can't be a sleep already, I know. —Now, what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what it's all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still, I should like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would.

Well? Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is, to ill use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives. It must be something of the sort or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free-mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

And I suppose they call you Brother Caudle? A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turn-pike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to free-masonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

Now, come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel. Eh! You're not in pain, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say so—you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best o'm to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage!

Caudle, you sha'n't close your eyes for a week—no, you sha'n't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret!

To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not all, Caudle: I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is—it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

But I know why; oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night, now. Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough; you didn't want any more.

But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women,—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret; and nothing else.

Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel.—Yes, I know you're in pain. Still Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle! Caud—

I recollect nothing more,' says Caudle, 'for here, thank Providence! I fell asleep.'

From the Temperance Advocate.

## A Wife worth Having.

The distinguished William Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly upon the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and move to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found in jolly and frolicsome spirits in bacchanalian revelry. His true friend expostulated with him to convince him of the injury he was doing himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked upon him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married, with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to a Miss Gamble. After some months' attentions, he asked her hand in marriage.—She replied:

"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions for some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks."

This reply to Mr. Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was, that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all further consideration on the subject, and left her. Her course to him was the same as ever—his resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks, he went again, and again solicited her hand. But her reply was her mind was made up. He became indignant and regarded the terms proposed as insulting to his honor, and avowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin.

One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog shop, dead drunk, a young lady, who it is not necessary to name, in passing that way to her home, not far off, beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of a scorching sun. She took her handkerchief and with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face. After he had remained in that way for some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery or grog-shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, which he looked at, and the name that was on it. After pausing a few minutes, he exclaimed:—

"Great God who left this with me? Who placed it on my face?" No one knew. He dropped his glass exclaiming:

"Enough! enough!" He retired instantly from the grocery, forgetting his thirst but not the debauch, the handkerchief of the lady—vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss G. was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage or on foot, he would dodge the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note in her own hand, inviting him to the house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she still bore affection for him, he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was:—

"My conditions now are what they ever have been."

"Then," said the disenthralled Wirt, "I accept them." They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened, while honors and glory gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame, while his deeds, the patriotism and renow, live after him with imperishable lustre. How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss G., the friend of humanity, of her country, and the relative of La Fayette.

"Many a house is full; and the mind unfurnished and the heart empty; no house of mercy ought ever to be so sad as that house."—Decey.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.  
The Truth in a Nut-Shell!

**Free Trade—What is it?**—The most perfect exemplification of actual free trade which the world ever saw, is to be found in these United States, considered as twenty-six "sovereign and independent" communities. Each buys what it pleases of the others, and sells what it respectively pleases to buy of it, without let or hindrance—without the interference of Custom-house officers—without charges or duties of any kind. Is it not a convenient system? Is it not a just one? Does it not promote the interests of all?

Apply the protective system to these States, and each of them would lay duties upon the products of each of the others.—New York would prohibit the admission of wheat from the West, and of cotton and woollen manufactures from New England; or charge them with exorbitant duties, because she can produce her own wheat, and manufacture her own cloths. Georgia would prohibit the importation of sugar from Louisiana, and elsewhere, because she could grow her own sugar; and by making the duty high enough, the business would be eminently profitable to the growers, though eminently unprofitable to the consumers. Every State, instead of exchanging the commodities which she could most naturally and advantageously produce, would, by duties and prohibitions, seek to exclude those foreign commodities. Thus all would do what they could, to invert the order of Nature,—raising oranges in Maine, and making ice in Louisiana.

Substitute 26 nations for the 26 American States, and we are prepared to see how mutually beneficial would be a system of free trade, if mutually adopted by those nations. But it is said, other nations tax our commodities, and we must tax theirs in return. Is this an honest argument, or only a pretext? If the former, then in proportion as other nations relax their restrictive system, we shall do the same. If the latter, we shall secretly deprecate any such change, and perhaps openly denounce it, as in the case of the British Anti-Corn Law League. The grand object of that Association is the promotion of free trade; more especially free trade in breadstuffs; and first of all in England herself. The value of breadstuffs imported into Great Britain and Ireland, has amounted, on an average of the last 12 years, to \$17,000,000 per annum; and would have been still greater but for the heavy duties. No nation, perhaps, is so deeply interested in a repeal of those duties—the very object of the Anti-Corn Law League—as the United States. Why then should we, or any of us, ally ourselves with the British corn monopolists, against the efforts of this most excellent and truly noble association?

But we must have revenue. Undoubtedly; and there is no mode of raising it so little burdensome to the people, because so little perceived by them, as by duties on imports. We propose no other mode of raising it, except the three or four millions realized annually from the sales of public lands—we know of none better.—Still, it is a mode which bears very hard upon men of small means, because it compels them to pay almost as much per head, as the same number of rich men; whereas, the latter ought to pay in proportion to their property. A man worth 1,000 dollars, probably consumes half as much of dutiable goods, on an average, as a man worth 100,000 dollars. Consequently the latter pays but twice as much for the support of Government as the former; whereas, he ought to pay a hundred times as much. But waiving all this, we agree that the necessary revenue, over and above the proceeds of land sales, is best raised by duties on imports.

The average annual expenditures of the Government for many years past, have been nearly or quite \$30,000,000. If we should keep clear of wars and other extraordinary charges we may possibly reduce them to \$25,000,000. To do this, however, will require the most rigid economy. If we call the revenue from lands \$8,500,000 annually, there will remain to be raised by duties on imports, \$21,500,000. To raise this amount, would require an average duty of twenty-one and a half per cent. on \$100,000,000 of imports; which is about the average of our importations for the last four years. Nearly or quite one-tenth of our imports consist of specie, which of course is free of duty. Sundry other articles are necessarily free of duty, or subject to a less duty than 20 per cent. Making these deductions, it would be found that a horizontal duty on all other articles must be in the neighborhood of 25 per cent., in order to afford the requisite revenue. And the cost and charges of importation would be equal to about 15 per cent. more.

So that the worst that could happen to the manufacturers, should the doctrines of the most ultra free trade men, so called, be carried out, would be, that they, the manufacturers, would have a protection against foreign commodities of 40 per cent.

on the value; or two-fifths of the cost of the article. Is not this protection enough? Can it be expedient to manufacture, in this country, goods which can be made two-fifths cheaper elsewhere? Cannot our labor be turned to better account in some other way?

## FANATICISM.

As the extremes of fanaticism are laughed at even by those who are disposed to practise it in a milder form, we know of no better mode of preventing its growth than by an exposition of the worst character it can assume. Mormonism seems to embody about as much undiluted fanaticism as any sect ever had, be it ancient or modern, pagan or Christian. As a specimen of the latest spirit and action of this humbug, we take the following. It is a note of the proceedings of the Mormons at Pittsburg, under the guidance of Elder Sidney Rigdon, who succeeded from the main body of converts at Nauvoo. The statement is strictly authentic, being taken from a Mormon paper published at Pittsburg.

Phil. Ledger.  
"Conference met pursuant to adjournment, and was called to order by Austin Cowles. The first Presidency and the high quorum entered and took their seats. President Rigdon arose and read hymn on page 104. 'Arise, arise, with joy survey,' which was sung by the Conference. After which, President Rigdon said—since the commencement of this Conference, I have had, one unceasing desire, deep and intense, that was, to have the matter forever put at rest, whether God would accept our work. The spirit whispered to me this morning, to set a part some brethren, and consecrate them to God, in a room in my house, which I did: (which was the reason I was not with you this morning), and after the washing and anointing, and the Patriarchal seal, as the Lord had directed me, we knelt, and in a solemn prayer we asked God to accept the work we had done. During the time of prayer, there appeared over our heads, in the room a ray of light forming a hollow square, inside of which stood a company of messengers, each with a banner in his hand with their eyes looking down upon us, their countenance expressive of the deep interest they felt in what was then passing on the earth; there also appeared heavenly messengers on horseback, with crowns upon their heads, and plumes floating in the air, dressed in celestial attire, like Elisha, we cried, in our hearts, 'the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.' Even my little son, of four years of age, saw the vision, and gazed with great astonishment, saying that he thought his imagination was running away with him; after which we arose and lifted our hands to heaven in holy convocation to God; at which time I was shown an angel in heaven registering the acceptance of our work, and the decree of the Great God that the kingdom is ours, and we shall prevail; my anxieties, therefore, in relation to our work in organizing the kingdom, and the acceptance of that organization, by our heavenly father is now forever at rest.

Elder Wm. E. McElliott then rose, and bore testimony to the manifestation of the power of God in the vision. He then gave the substance of a revelation given this morning, relative to the opening ceremony of the consecration; after which he knelt and dedicated the conference by prayer. He then arose, and said brethren I wish to say some things to you which will benefit you on the present occasion. He then set forth, in a clear manner, the principles which constitute the fullness of human happiness, giving much important instruction in relation to it.

President Rigdon then proceeded to ordain Hiram Folck and Curtis Hodges to the office of high Priests; after which, several bottles of oil were presented, and consecrated to the Lord."

The following extract from a letter in the *Peoria (Ill.) Register*, written by Mr. Carver, one of the emigrants to the settlement at the mouth of the Columbia river, contains some interesting particulars:

"The harvest is just at hand, and such crops of wheat, barley, oats, peas, and potatoes, are seldom, if ever, to be seen in the States, that of wheat in particular—the stalks being in many instances as high as my head, the grains generally much larger—I would not exaggerate to say they are as large again as those grown east of the mountains. The soil is good and the climate is most superior, being mild the year round, and very healthy, more so than any country I have lived in the same length of time. Produce bears an excellent price—pork 10 cents, beef 6 cents, potatoes 50 cents, wheat \$1 per bushel. These articles are purchased at the above prices with great avidity by the merchants for shipment generally to the Sandwich Islands and Russian settlements on this continent, and are paid for mostly in stores and groceries, the latter of which is the product of these Islands, particularly sugar and coffee, of which abundant supplies are furnished. Wages for laborers are high—common hands are getting from one to two dollars per day, and mechanics from two to four dollars per day. It is with difficulty that they can be procured at these prices, so easily can they do better on their farms.

"The plains are a perpetual meadow, furnishing two complete new crops in a year, spring and fall, the latter remaining green through the winter. Beef is killed from the grass at any season of the year. If you have any enterprise left, or if your neighbors have any, here is the place for them. Mr. McLaughlin has just commenced a canal around the Williamette falls, which he expects to complete in two years, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars. Our legislature (the lower House of which I have the honor to be speaker) which has just finished its session, granted the doctor a charter for twenty years—by entering into an agreement to complete the canal by boats of fifteen feet in width to pass in safety; the whole to be completed in two years as above stated. He has a number of hands now engaged in its construction, and no doubts are entertained of his ability to complete it. He is constructing a large flouring mill, with four run of bers, which will be ready for business this fall. He has already two saw mills in operation at the falls. Everything is flourishing in this country."